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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 315.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW.

The rising sun found Isabella ready for departure, and inwardly accusing the tardiness of her hostess. She soon came, however, to join her young friend. They set out, called upon their guide, and with her directed their steps towards the palace of the rich Omar.

This was the name of the powerful man, whose slave Isabella's grandfather was. To an immense fortune he joined a despotic will, which made him the terror of the whole country: did Isabella know how to gain his favour, perhaps she might obtain, even without ransom, the liberty of her grandfather; but in the contrary case, she might forfeit her own liberty as the price of her audacity.

Such were the details given to Isabella by her good hostess, who trembled at her temerity; but filial love knows not fear, and Isabella was capable of one sentiment only—that of seeing and saving her grandfather.

Full of these thoughts, she, with her guides, came to a gate, which was opened by a slave.

For the slaves this was the hour of repose. The heat was excessive. The unfortunate Christians condemned to the service of Omar, were lying on mats in a large workhouse, waiting till the voice of the pitiless surveyor should call them to fresh toil. One of them held a book in his hand: a deep sorrow was expressed on his countenance, but he seemed calm and resigned.

Isabella advanced to the middle of the workhouse. Her quick eye wandered in a moment over those thirty individuals, who were more like spectres than living men: and the paleness of their emaciated cheeks told but too clearly of the privations and miseries they had to undergo. She saw her grandfather sitting in a corner.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "it is he;" and with lightning speed was in his arms. She kissed, she embraced the old man—words could not express her joy—her tears and sighs told all.

But who may describe the surprise of the old man, at the sight of his grandchild! He could not believe his eyes—he thought his senses deceived them, he repelled the amiable creature who clung to him so fondly; it is not Isabella that he sees, it is a phantom which sports with his credulity. The old man, however, at length recognised his granddaughter, yet still could not conceive by what chance he enjoyed so great a happiness. Isabella related all, and tears of tenderness rolled down the old man's beard, who was speechless with astonishment at so devoted an attachment.

Meanwhile, the arrival of the young Spanish lady had put all the prisoners in motion; they surrounded Isabella, and, as some of them were Spaniards, put to her a variety of questions about their homes, families, and friends; but she could not answer them, as she was unacquainted with the persons whom they spoke of.

While these wretched men, enraptured by the courage of the young lady, were standing around her, the fatal signal was given to resume their toils. Isabella was obliged to leave her grandfather and return to the woman who had brought her, and who was waiting for her at the gate. She went back with her to the house of Mirza's mother; and having taken a slight repast, began to reflect what she could do for her grandfather.

"Had I money," said she, "it were an easy matter; I could deliver him without difficulty—but not having any, how shall I present myself before Omar. Still I must not lose courage; who knows but that God will bless my efforts. To-morrow I will go to Omar's country house; I will throw myself at his feet, and conjure him to restore my grandfather. If he has the heart of a man he cannot resist so just a claim, and will surely restore to liberty a man, who can be of very little use to him in so advanced an age.

The poor Isabella cheered herself till the morrow with the hope of delivering her grandfather, and this hope sustained her. She found too, great consolation in prayer, never ceasing to implore the succour of God and the Blessed Virgin. Mirza and her mother, with the most tender affection, endeavoured to console her: but how could her thoughts be diverted from dwelling on the uncertainty of her parents' fate? Were they still in life, or had they fallen under the strokes of the Arabs? The thought was torture.—And her grandfather too—Oh! with

what eagerness did she look for the morrow's dawn —that happy day, which would in part realize her hopes by restoring her grandfather to her embraces! The sun seemed to linger in his course—each minute appeared an hour—so long and tedious was the afternoon. She saw no obstacle to the accomplishment of her desires—so generous was her heart, and so happy was she when doing any one a kindness. And how could she fear that a rich man like Omar would refuse to deliver up an old man without ransom?

Young people, like Isabella, doubt so little of the success of what they desire, that they are quite at a loss to understand the fears of those who think otherwise; it is because they want experience—because they know not men—and are ignorant that the world is nought but a theatre of intrigues—a stage on which the passions of men incessantly appear under a new aspect, where almost all seek their own interests, and scruple not to sacrifice to them every sentiment of honour.

Isabella had still to learn all these secrets of human perversity. The next day, she returned to the house of Omar, and asked the porter to present her to his master. The slave was puzzled at such a request, shrugged up his shoulders and muttered some words, the purport of which Isabella did not understand. He left his lodge and went towards a walk overshaded by orange trees, at the end of which rose an elegant kiosque, surmounted by a tall minaret, on the extremity of which there shone a silver crescent. During the absence of the slave, Isabella had leisure to survey the magnificent garden. Nature and art had equally concurred to embellish the spot. Every thing was enchanting; every obstacle had been overcome, the earth had submitted to the laws which Omar's taste had given her. A little river cast its spray around as it fell from a high artificial rock, and rolled its crystal stream through various channels, whose banks were rendered still cooler by the luxuriant shrubs which grew upon them. Farther on a fountain sent upwards its column of water, which sparkled in the sun-beams and fell like drops of gold, emerald, and azure. There shady groves greeted the eye; here marble statues, which seemed to breathe, bronzes taken from Constantinople, and whose presence on the soil of Africa seemed an anomaly in the midst of triumphant barbarism. A thousand flowers, each more beautiful than the other, every where showed their graceful forms, and their lively colours seemed to dispute the prize of beauty with the ruby, the topaz, and the opal. But the kiosque soon engrossed all Isabella's attention. This edifice was supported by twenty columns of porphyry, and formed a circular inclosure. It was surmounted by a dome, which terminated in a graceful minaret. Large folding doors revealed the beauty of the interior, but the greatest magnificence was lavished on the front. All the arts seemed to have vied with each other in adorning it. On the walls were represented the four seasons: Spring with his young and noble brow crowned with a wreath of flowers; robust Summer, girded with a belt of ripe corn; Autumn holding in his hand a cluster of grapes, gilded by the sun-beams; and Winter with his hair stiffened by the frost. On the opposite side you saw the radiant image of heaven, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the sun and stars.

Isabella had examined these paintings, when the slave returned to tell her that his master was waiting to receive her. She bounded along the orange tree walk, ascended with timid tread the steps of the kiosque, and her heart beating with hope and fear, presented herself before Omar.

He was reclining on a rich and soft carpet. He held a pipe in his hand, whose stalk was woven of gold wire and silk, and which was at least as long as himself. Clouds of smoke escaped from his mouth, and the most exquisite perfumes were burning in a silver perfuming pan, by his side.

A large turban covered his head; from his belt was suspended a dagger, whose handle glittered with mother-of-pearl and gold; the folds of his silken robe showed a well-rounded figure; health and strength appeared on his ruddy countenance, and a thick beard hid his double chin.

Omar was of the middle age; his features exhibited at the same time mildness and severity, his eyes were bright and piercing. Isabella made a profound inclination before him, approached with timid steps, and with faltering voice thus addressed him in Italian: "You will pardon, my lord, the confidence of a young Christian, when you learn the cause which brings her before you. She came with her father and mother from Barcelona, to deliver the head of an unfortunate family. My grandfather was taken in the Genoese sea and brought here. He is your slave. My father raised a large sum of money to redeem him, but we were robbed by the Arabs on our journey from Algiers. My father and mother are perhaps dead, in consequence of the wounds which they received from their assassins, and I have come here alone, trusting to your generosity, to implore your clemency in favour of my grandfather. Had I treasures, I would offer them with all my soul, but I have none to present."

Omar surveyed the young Christian without answering a word.

"For the love of God," continued Isabella, troubled by this silence, "be merciful and restore my grandfather."

"Your grandfather is necessary to me," replied Omar; "he cultivates my flowers better than any one who has yet had the care of them; but useful as he is, I will grant him his liberty on one condition. Say but a word, and he is free; I will make a diligent search after your parents; if they still live, he shall be restored to them; but if otherwise, one of my vessels shall take your grandfather to his native land."

"Oh! my lord," exclaimed Isabella, breathless with joy, "what may be the word which possesses so great a power?"

"A single word—say 'yes' to the proposals I am about to make." The proud Mussulman, before whom all trembled, seemed to tremble himself before the virtue of an unprotected girl. After a short silence he resumed: "Not only the liberty of your grandfather, but all the treasures of the rich and powerful Omar are at your disposal, if you will consent to his wishes, and become his bride before the prophet and his law."

A shriek of horror burst from Isabella; the blood rushed violently back to her heart—that moment seemed her last. But returning to the consciousness of her misery, and at the same time to a sense of dignity, she retreated a few paces, and eyeing Omar with an indignant and proud glance, "My lord," said she, "I am a Christian, and this single word ought to tell you, whether I should accept your proposals. My parents are dearer to me than life, but religion and honour are dearer than my parents. I flattered myself I should find in you a protector, and that you would free my grandfather; I will go and deplore in solitude the error I have cherished, and implore heaven to cause the day of justice and happiness to dawn upon those whom I love."

At a low whistle from Omar, two slaves appeared. He spoke to them in his own tongue, and they prepared to take Isabella away.

"Tyrant!" she exclaimed, "what right have you to keep me in this infamous place? Am I then your captive?" But resuming the tone of supplication, she conjured Omar to restore her grandfather and give her her liberty. Her tears, however, made no impression on her persecutor, and he coolly replied: "A few days' reflection will make you more tractable, and teach you that no one may resist with impunity the will of Omar." And on the motion of the tyrant, they dragged the fainting Isabella from the room.

They conducted her through a vast suite of apartments, opening into one another.

All were furnished with the greatest magnificence; but the luxury of the East had no charms for the unfortunate Isabella. Credulous girl! she had trusted to the generosity of Omar, because she was pure and generous herself; she flattered herself with the hope of breaking her grandfather's irons, but a chain, which no hand, except that of God, could break or lighten, now pressed heavy upon her.

She opened the window blind and rent the air with cries of sorrow; but they were lost in air, and the echo alone repeated them. Omar heard them, and an infernal smile passed over his lips. He took a malicious pleasure in the despair of his victim, and persuaded himself, that he would conquer her resistance by a slavery which seemed so insupportable to her.

The day following, he ordered her to be brought before him, and spoke to her with a feigned mildness, insinuating that her parents were dead, and that she could adopt no better course, than submit to his proposals. He considered he conferred a favour by becoming a suppliant, when he had the power to command. But his insinuations were as unsuccessful as his threats had been, and Isabella resolutely answered:

"You deceive yourself, my lord, if you fancy I shall yield to your wishes; I am not your slave, and you should blush to take advantage of my age, and the condition to which I am reduced, still to exercise your tyranny over me. If I have nothing else in the world, I will, with the help of God, preserve my religion and innocence, which I value above all the treasures of the earth. Were I to deny my God, and sacrifice what I hold most precious in the world, I should deserve your contempt, and draw down upon my head the anger of Heaven. Do not, then, imagine you will conquer me either by your promises or threats, I despise them both."

Omar had hardly patience to listen to the end. He darted at her a look of fury, and threatened to treat her with the utmost rigour, if she did not yield to his wishes; but the heroic virgin stood firm; and throwing herself upon her knees and raising her eyes, bathed in tears, to heaven:

"My God!" she exclaimed, "You who know the danger I am exposed to, protect a feeble being from a ravening wolf. Come to my assistance, and permit me not to fall. No! I will never consent to offend You." And she raised her hands to heaven, as though she expected a visible interposition of God. And God did hear the ardent prayer of His servant. Omar, subdued by an invisible power, pressed her no more, and allowed her to retire.

The captive girl went to her room, and again commended herself to God. She also invoked the Blessed Virgin, the protectress of chaste souls, to obtain by her powerful intercession the strength and patience to support all things for the faith of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISON.

Meanwhile, Isabella's grandfather was in mortal fear for the welfare of his grandchild. He knew that she was in the house, and made every effort to see and speak to her, but without success. By the command of Omar, the old man was always kept in sight; the young lady too was the object of a surveillance not less odious than unjust. She received little and that too unwholesome food; they would hardly allow her to breathe the fresh air at the window; her room door was always shut, her least motion immediately stopped; she might have been the most guilty being on earth, with such rigour was she treated. Three days passed, and Omar's name was mentioned no more. She sometimes addressed her guardians by signs of supplication; but they were deaf to her prayers. Her only hopes were in the tender mercies of God, and the protection of the Blessed Virgin. She had confidently consigned herself to her maternal care, when one morning she was taken from her gloomy cell. She thought at

first, that she had to appear once more before the cruel Omar, but she soon discovered her mistake, as they took her by the road to Algiers, where they arrived late at night.

Separated from her grandfather, and deprived of the happiness of seeing and consoling him, she was again shut up in a narrow dungeon, into which the light, even at noontide, hardly penetrated. She was entrusted to the care of an old woman, who placed before her every day, a cup of water, a crust of bread, and some fruit. Judge of the situation of the unfortunate captive! She, who had till then lived in plenty, who had never experienced privation, she, whose life had flowed on so peacefully, so calmly, sees herself treated as one of the vilest creatures on earth. Shut up in a dark dungeon, condemned to breathe a nauseous and sickly air, alone, without friend, without protector, without support. Her health, which had hitherto been so good, visibly declined; the roses faded from her cheeks; pale and emaciated, she pined away, like a spectre in her dark dungeon. She expected nothing but death, she even called upon him, as upon a sweet friend, to deliver her from the sorrows which preyed upon her. She did not grieve to die so young, the only thing that caused her sorrow was, that she could not purify her soul by receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church; and that she was about to die in a foreign land, without receiving from her father's and mother's lips the last sigh of love. "Her parents! Oh! she would meet them in a happier land, never more to separate;" and burning tears coursed down those cheeks, which death seemed to have tarnished with his livid breath.

As she was occupied with these sad thoughts, the old woman entered. For the first time during two months, she spoke to Isabella, and asked her in Spanish how she was.

"I hope," she answered, "that you will not long have the trouble of watching me. The hand of death, I feel, is upon me. But the sooner he comes the better, he will make me happy. My sufferings here will be written in the Book of Life, since it is for God and virtue that I am reduced to this state."

"Poor girl!" replied the old woman, "I will speak to my master, he will take pity on you."

"Is Omar here?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, tell him that the young Isabella dies the victim of her faith and innocence, and hopes she will find favour before her God. Tell him, too, that she dies like a Christian, and pardons her executioner." The woman departed. She returned half an hour after, offered Isabella her arm, and led her to Omar's apartment. He started back at the sight of the young lady, who was more like a spectre than a human being.

Isabella fixed upon him a look of sadness, then gathering up her strength: "Finish your work, my lord," she said, "your victim will shortly appear before her Judge and yours. She need not be your accuser, God, who knows all things, will unravel the web of your iniquities. Enjoy a little longer the fruit of your crimes, keep in slavery those Christians who have never done you wrong, the hour is fixed, vengeance will burst upon you."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Omar, "my anger was almost extinguished, and you enkindle it afresh.'

"I have come here to speak the truth, not to inflame your anger. God is my witness that I have pardoned you. My religion commands me to forgive, your's allows you to persecute innocence—judge which is superior."

"What can I do for you," rejoined Omar in a softened tone.

"Give liberty to my grandfather and myself. For myself I demand justice, my grandfather's ransom will soon be found."

"You stand in need of assistance, and you shall have it. When your health is restored, you shall return to Spain." Omar retired, and Isabella, leaning on the arm of the old woman, who was waiting at the door, went back to her prison once more.

But a few moments after, she was taken thence and conducted to a spacious apartment, which commanded a prospect of the harbour. They told her that she had full liberty to go all over the house, but was forbidden to go out. They spoke to her, answered her questions, and promised to gratify her wishes; the most exquisite meats were served on her table, and she found herself in another world.

The next day, an Arabian physician was called in to attend her. Convinced that her sickness was caused by the chagrin she had suffered, he prescribed the most simple remedies, but endeavoured to raise her spirits by assuring her through an interpreter, that as soon as her strength and health would permit, she should be restored to her country. Isabella trusted to the sincerity of these promises, and by degrees came again to life. To the care which Omar lavished upon her, he added magnificent presents; at one time, he sent her jewels; at another, valuable stuffs: sometimes she found vases of scented water placed on the table—in a word, he omitted no means of effacing the memory of his past conduct, and reconciling himself with her he had so cruelly injured. But the wolf was only covering himself with sheep's clothing, the better to succeed in his projects, and the firmness of the young Christian had to defeat another dangerous temptation, and to prove that the virtue of Isabella was alike inaccessible to presents, as to the harshest treatment and the fear of death.

(To be continued.)

S. John of the Cross having been appointed provincial vicar of his order in Spain, and having come to Granada, where he was held by all for a saint, found his brother there reduced to such a state of poverty as to be obliged to live upon alms: and when he beheld his brother all in rags and tatters, he received him with as much joy as another would have felt on seeing him exalted to honours and clothed in robes. And being one day visited by a duke, he showed the poor man to him, telling him he was his brother, and that he worked in the convent to obtain a livelihood.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

[From *Frank's First Trip to the Continent*, by the Rev. W. Gresley.]

Frank was greatly interested in the narrative of Père De la Salle. "What a noble example of Christian zeal and usefulness!" thought he;—"what a contrast to the self-indulgent lives which most people lead now-a-days! Even amongst good sort of persons, whom one supposes to be living in the performance of their duties, how few approach the standard of this good man! How few are willing to sacrifice wealth, and ease, and comfort, and leisure, for the sake of instructing their poor brethren in the faith and fear of God! If men live respectably on the means that God has given them, and bring up their families in the same habits, they are commonly looked on as having done all that could be expected of them; but surely most men might do much more for God's glory than they do!"

It may be supposed that Frank felt a lively wish to see something of the actual working of the society of which he had just read the origin. Accordingly, he gladly availed himself of Mr. Fleming's proposal to visit the Institution. That gentleman had before taken the liberty of making some inquiries of the Superior, and had been so kindly received that he did not scruple to make another visit. The house where the Brothers live is in the Tintilleries, a long square on the east side of the town. The door was opened to them by one of the Brothers, and they were shown into a small parlour. While they waited, they heard the sound of the solemn chaunt, as the Brothers sang together the service of vespers. It always fills one with respect to listen even to the distant voice of those who are performing a solemn act of worship. The visitors felt how truly appropriate a termination of their labour was this pious service;—how soothing, after the excitement of the day, to yield their spirits to the influence of divine worship. The room was hung with specimens of writing and a few portraits, amongst which was that of the founder. The ample forehead, the well-formed aquiline nose, the mild expression of the bright blue eye, but, above all, the serene and tranquil spirit which characterised that countenance—not the mere serenity of the man who has lived in easy cheerfulness, but the deep tranquillity of one in whom all evil passions are quelled, the meekness of him who leads a patient, self-denying, mortified life;—these were the traits that marked the features of the founder of the institution. After they had waited a moderate time, the chaunting in the chapel ceased, and soon after the Superior entered the room, an earnest intelligent man, who welcomed the visitors with politeness.

"What a heavenly expression of countenance is that of your saintly founder," said Mr. Fleming, pointing to the picture of M. De la Salle.

"It is a true index of the spirit that dwelt there," answered the Superior. "If any one has lived and died a saint, it is he."

"Your founder," said Mr. Fleming, "was blessed beyond most men, not only in being the instrument of inestimable good, but in witnessing the fruit of his labours. It is given to few to reap as well as sow. The generality must be content to labour for God's service, in the faith that their labours will be blessed in His good time; but De la Salle lived to witness the success of his enterprise, and left an institution, the good effects of which will be felt to the latest posterity."

"We have every reason to entertain the hope that our institution is destined to have a wide influence for good: never was it more flourishing than at the present time."

Mr. Fleming then proceeded to obtain the information which he wished respecting the management of the noviciate and schools, the Superior answering all his queries with great courtesy. The Institution, he told them, was spreading over all France, especially in the great towns, and extending to Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Canada, Greece, Australia, Ireland, and even England. There are Noviciates, or Training Schools, at Paris, St. Omer, Nantes, Avignon, Toulouse, Clermont, and Namur: at the latter place, as well as Rouen, are Normal Schools connected with the Institution. The present number of associated Brothers is 3,346; the number of schools 717, of children 170,179. There are Brothers established at 422 towns, and a great many other places have made application to be supplied with masters as soon as they can be afforded. As regards the mode of conducting the establishment: the young men are admitted to the training schools from the age of 15 to 25, they, or their friends, paying 500 or 600 francs for their maintenance. At the age of 17 they take vows, which bind them for three years to devote themselves to the work of education. This is something analogous to the system of apprenticeship that is practised at some of our own institutions in England. At the age of 21, if they are so disposed, they devote themselves for life, and are enrolled amongst the Brothers. Few who take the first vow are found to decline the second. After remaining one year in training, they are sent out to the establishments in the different towns, but still their training does not cease. They live under the government of a Superior, and are employed in the different schools, all lodging together in one house. At Boulogne there are fifteen of them residing together under a Superior, and having the charge of three schools, containing 1,100 children, who receive their education gratuitously. Never less than three are allowed to go out together to one place. The maintenance of the Brothers, when employed in teaching, is provided by the towns in which their services are required, at the rate of 600 francs, or 24*l.* for each Brother. This is sufficient to maintain the whole establishment; they receive no salary whatever. There is a Committee of Management, consisting of townspeople, who take cognizance chiefly of the buildings and accommodation. In matters of education, the Brothers keep strictly to their own rules. For the instruction of girls there are other societies in union with the Church, but not connected with the Institute of the Christian Brothers. In Boulogne they are taught by the Sœurs de la Retraite Chrétienne; but in other towns by different societies, particularly the Ursulines.

Mr. Fleming inquired what was the system which had succeeded so well in rendering the Christian Brothers efficient and devoted masters.

"That which we chiefly trust to, is not so much any peculiar system, as the spirit of religious devotion which we strive to foster. We are anxious to receive into our establishment only such as are sincerely desirous of labouring for God's glory. When they have become members of the noviciate, they are surrounded by associations and influences, all of which tend to confirm their resolution, and help them forward in their pious undertaking: they find others older than themselves, all devoted to the same pursuit; and so gradually they catch the same spirit, and their thoughts and habits are formed in the same mould. Besides which, the Superior has the opportunity of observing and ascertaining the minutest traits of their character, and of directing their daily conduct. The greatest confidence subsists between them. The habit of instructing others they acquire chiefly from observing the elder brothers engaged in their work. Especial pains are taken to train them in habits of self-command and patience. If a man cannot command himself, he has no business to undertake the command of

children. It is chiefly by this instrument that we gain the influence we possess."

Both Mr. Fleming and his young friend listened with deep attention to these explanations. The Superior, seeing the interest which the Englishmen took in the institution, proposed that on the next day they should visit the school, which is situated in the Place Navarino. Frank and Mr. Fleming accordingly went there the next morning, and were much pleased with the proficiency and general appearance of the youths. They were of the class which are commonly instructed at our national schools, and were quite equal to the pupils of a national school of the best description. They were employed in the ordinary occupation of boys of their station in life. Besides the common acquirements, some of the more advanced had made acquaintance with certain branches of mechanical and mathematical science. A good set of maps was suspended from the walls; but the chief peculiarity which struck the visitors in the arrangement of the school was, that instead of being collected in one large room, there was a separate room for each class, which consisted of about forty boys; and over each class was set one of the Brothers as teacher.

"I cannot but think," said Mr. Fleming, as they walked home, after taking a cordial leave of their kind conductor, "that the system of these Christian Brothers is, in this last respect, much superior to that of our national-school system, where the boys are set to teach each other. It is not likely that boys should receive with much respect the instruction of one of their own body. Instead of which, here, you see, is a regularly trained master appointed over every class—young, indeed, but still invested with authority; and, by his very dress and demeanour, claiming the respect of the pupils. We might, with advantage, take a leaf out of the book of these Christian Brothers. Our own monitorial system is a decided failure, and the sooner it is broken up the better. Dr. Bell, though a well-meaning man, had not the spirit of De la Salle. The conceit of setting boys to teach boys, as a general system, is monstrous: its sure failure might have been foreseen. Its principal and almost only recommendation is, its cheapness. But surely, if in these French towns they can afford to maintain a proper number of teachers for the children of the poor, we, in England, ought not to continue an inferior system from mere motives of economy. Why should we not have our societies of teachers as they have here? There is another obvious advantage in this system of the Christian Brothers. We have established in England a number of training schools for masters, but find a difficulty in knowing what to do with our young men when they are trained; and, besides, we keep them from two to three years, during which they are doing nothing for their livelihood. How much better if, in London, or in any great town, *colleges of masters* were instituted, to which we might send our young students to complete their training, by practising under the eye of some experienced superior, who should take care, also, that they lived properly and kept to their work."

"Would you have them take vows, like the Christian Brothers?" asked Frank.

"There is so strong a feeling against anything of that sort in England, that, barely to propose it, would prevent the success of any attempt that might be made. Our system of training masters is purely commercial, like everything else that we attempt: the object of the young men is to sell their services in the best market; to get their living, marry, and provide for their families. Here, ostensibly, and let us hope in reality, the object is to devote themselves to the service of God; and a most praiseworthy and noble sacrifice it is, if made, as we have no right to suppose it is not, in a true Christian spirit. A young man consecrates himself to a laborious profession—renounces the world, and all its attractions—renounces even his own will—undertakes a course of humbling, uninviting duties; his sole object being to be useful to the poor children placed under his care—to form them to Christian and social virtues—to render them happy by his instruction, advice, and good example, and furnish them with principles which will save them from the corruption of the world. To this, with entire freedom from worldly interests, he devotes the labour of his life; looking forward to no other reward than that which is laid up for him in heaven. What conduct can we conceive nobler or more devoted? I do not see any reason why we should not expect, if opportunity were offered and encouragement given, that persons might be found in our own Church who should thus devote themselves, like these Christian Brethren, to God's glory. There are Christian Brothers at several places in England—London, Preston, Manchester, Liverpool, and Sunderland; which shows that there is nothing in the system unsuited to the English people. The circumstance which would most stand in the way of an association like that of the Christian Brothers here in England is, the contempt so generally felt for poverty of station. We are essentially a purse-proud people. Merit is measured amongst us by wealth. One who appears in lowly circumstances, is supposed to be so because he is unable to attain a higher station—a most unworthy and unchristian notion; but, I am afraid, thoroughly English. Even the poorest class despise a schoolmaster no richer than themselves. However, in an institution like the Christian Brothers, the poverty of the individual would be in some degree balanced by the respectability of the order; as a poor curate derives consideration from his profession, even in the eyes of worldly men. On the whole, I do not see the least reason why we should not, in England, take some very valuable hints from this French institution. We do not scruple to go to Prussia and Germany for the theory and practice of education; why not also avail ourselves of the information which is afforded us by our neighbours here, in France."

A FEW LANDMARKS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States occupy an area of 2,300,000 square miles; or 650,000 more than the whole of Europe, excepting Russia. Collectively, their greatest length is 3,000 miles; there greatest breadth 1,700 miles. They have a frontier line of 10,000 miles; a sea coast of 3,600 miles; and a lake coast of 1,200 miles. Of the rivers: the Missouri is 3,600 miles in length, or more than twice as long as the Danube; the Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine; and the Hudson (entirely in the state of New York, and navigable for 160 miles) is 120 miles longer than the Thames. The territory of the United States is divided into 26 separate states and three teritories, each of which has a separate government. The State of Virginia has an area of 70,000 square miles, and is about one-third larger than England. The state of Ohio contains 40,000 squares miles, or 8,000 more than the whole of Scotland. The harbour of the city of New York is the Atlantic outlet of a river, canal, and lake navigation of about 3,000 miles, or the distance from Europe to America. From Augusta, in the State of Maine, to New Orleans, in Louisiana, the distance is 1,800 miles; or 200 miles more than from London to Constantinople. Such general landmarks may be useful, perhaps, to some, in referring to the internal relations of the North American republic, and comparing it with other nations.—*American Facts.*

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER VII.

Too surely, every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn,
The flowers all die along our way,
Till we, too, die forlorn.

Such is the world's gay garish feast,
In her first charming bowl,
Infusing all that fires the breast,
And cheats the unstable soul.

Who, but a Christian, through all life
That blessing may prolong?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife
Still chaut his morning song?

Christian Year.

We mean to take the liberty of passing over the beginning of Ethel Harding's visit at Wilbury, and take up our story again in the last week in January. A lady frequently named is now going to speak for herself. This is Mr. Raymond's aunt, Mrs. Darrel, whom we introduce to the reader sitting by the fire in the drawing-room at Wilbury Court tête-à-tête with her youngest daughter—the only one still single of her family. It was about four o'clock p. m., at which hour there were prayers at the parish church, as well as at half-past seven in the morning.

Mr. Raymond had just left the room to go to church; but his aunt and cousin told him that the sky was far from being a church-going one, and that they should sit by the fire till it was time to dress for dinner. They had not long returned from a drive, and were still in out-of-door costume.

Mrs. Darrel was a young-looking old lady *fort bien mise:* Miss Darrel, a lady whose age it was impossible to guess, as well dressed as her mother.—"What a good creature Stephen is!" said Mrs. Darrel, as Mr. Raymond closed the door. "A more noble-minded, high-principled young man does not exist."—"Yes, he is all that," said Miss Darrel, removing from her head a velvet capote, undeniably of Parisian make, and laying it down on a chair at hand.—"Yes, he is all that—but he is very obstinate sometimes."—"Now, my dearest girl," said Mrs. Darrel, "I was thinking somebody else was obstinate.—Why should you have persisted so in urging your cousin to do a thing he is evidently averse to? What can make you so anxious to go to Hungerford Castle and see all that mummery?"—"It is the music I care for," was Miss Darrel's reply.—"Oh, nonsense," said the mother; "to you who have been hearing the best music from your cradle, what can there be in the amateur choir of a little country chapel?"—"I should like to hear it very much," said the daughter. "All the Hungerfords are musical, and they have friends staying with them who have very fine voices. I should like to see the Procession too." "En verité ma tres chère, I am astonished at your caring for such trumpery," cried Mrs. Darrel. "A set of people making themselves ridiculous with candles in their hands. I wonder at you, my love." "I would rather see this Candlemas than the new opera," said the younger lady with much animation. "So, Mamma, it's useless your trying to make me think it is not worth seeing. I mean to go by hook or by crook."—"Well, my dear," returned the mother, "allowing it to be ever so fascinating, still I am sure you have too much good sense and good feeling, to wish your cousin to do violence to his religious principles, and"—"Really Mamma," the daughter broke in, "that is too absurd; when Stephen went to Abbot's Park not many months ago, and attended several services there, and was so charmed with the Roman Catholic Bishop—what makes him so scrupulous all at once?" "Why, my dearest Ally, the alarming state of Jane's mind is surely enough to make him scrupulous now. It is a sad pity he was so incautious before in suffering her to indulge her curiosity with regard to the Catholic ceremonies, and he deplores it deeply now.—But, as he says, who could have thought that a woman of her strength of mind and information could be so deluded and taken in by the pomp and glitter of Romish ceremonial? But, as I tell him, Jane's imagination has deluded her all her life through—no one has seen that more than I have. The first day I saw her I perceived it. I have deeply lamented it, and have often told Stephen, when he has come to me full of indignation at his wife's conduct, that she was more to be pitied than blamed—being a victim to her imagination, poor thing! There was a time when I myself thought her proud and artful—so strange was her conduct; but when I came to know her better, I perceived that the fault lay in her judgment, not in her heart—poor creature, she is greatly to be pitied—means well." During this speech Miss Darrel had sat caressing the long plume which hung over the bonnet by her side, and debating in her own mind whether the figure is seen to most advantage, displayed by a Polka pelisse, or partially hidden by the graceful folds of a cashmere shawl. Her mother's full stop interrupted her meditation, and she returned to the point she had left off at. "I don't think Stephen would dislike going to Hungerford next week," she said. "It is only because Jane objects to it. And I believe that Ethel Harding is at the bottom of it all; she is the most artful, intriguing, meddling girl I ever met with." "Ah, my love, speak charitably," said the old lady; "Ethel Harding, like my poor niece, is a victim to her imagination. I really think she means well."—"Well, she has made mischief enough in this house," cried Miss Darrel; "she flatters Jane, and encourages her in everything Stephen most dislikes. She will have to answer for it if Jane should desert her own church, which I expect she will do in the end."—"I think Ethel Harding has fostered Jane's fancy for Rome," returned the mother; "but it is not fair to charge it entirely on her, as I have said repeatedly to Stephen. Jane was a high Puseyite before her friendship for Ethel Harding began. Mr. Temple did the mischief, depend upon it."—"He might have begun it," returned Miss Darrel, "but if Ethel Harding had not been at hand to sympathize and talk controversy from morning to night, Jane would never have got into the awful state of mind she is in now. And then she has made mischief between Stephen and his wife. Jane prefers

Ethel Harding's conversation to that of any one else, because she flatters her so—it is disgusting to hear her talk of "her sweet friends—her darling Mr. Raymond, and so forth." "Oh yes, that it is," said Mr. Darrel, "but I believe she is sincere; she makes an idol of Jane, and Jane is as bad with her, only she is more prudent, and does not display her affection in public. But poor Jane has many weak points. She is very open to flattery. She was always the same. When I first knew her I discovered that immediately. When Stephen used to complain of her years ago I used to tell him, that he should make allowances for this weakness of hers. Ah, poor fellow, what she made him suffer before they had been married many years! But as I have often told him—it is always the way with your geniuses. He ought to have thought of that before marrying her. A beauty and a genius both in one! what could he expect but to be worried to death!"—"A beauty!" exclaimed Miss Darrel. "Why I've heard you say she is better looking now than she was when Stephen married her."—"Well, my dear, she certainly wears wonderfully. She is a perfect Ninon."—"Why how old is she, Mamma? past forty of course."—"Nine-and-thirty this next March. I know she is two years older than Stephen, and he is thirty-seven next month. Yes, she does wear wonderfully! who would guess her to be seven years older than you, to judge by appearance." Miss Darrel looked very much annoyed.—"You are singular in your opinion, Mamma. Fortunately for me, most people think I look much younger than I am; and you are so fond of fancying me older than I am. You confuse me with Georgina." "Ah so I do, my dearest Alley," said Mrs. Darrel. "I don't think you can be turned of thirty. And really the other evening, when you wore your pink satin and point, with your hair à-la Valliere, Stephen remarked to me, that you looked the youngest in the room, though there were too girls, only just out, present." "Did he really now, Mamma?" said Miss Darrel smiling. "Oh, how absurd! His sight gets worse and worse. But to return to what is on my mind. Don't you think Stephen might be persuaded to ask Jane to go to Hungerford? It would be awkward our going without her."—"Surely, Allegra, you have given up that childish whim," cried Mrs. Darrel warmly. "Why plague your cousin, and run the risk of doing mischief for a mere passing amusement?"—"It is not entirely for a mere passing amusement," said Miss Darrel, a slight blush tinging her pale cheek. "I am not so whimsical as you fancy. I have a reason for wishing to go, which you would think a good one."—"And pray what is it?" said the mother.—Miss Darrel hesitated, her blush deepened, and she rose and put on her bonnet. "Is it not time to think about dressing," she said.—"Why, Allegra, what *do* you mean, my love? Is any body particular to be there?" Miss Darrel nodded. "Dear me, my love, why could not you have said so at first? which is it?"—"Mr. Trevelyan," answered Miss Darrel, moving towards the table and taking up the Illustrated London News.—"Oh!" said Mrs. Darrel, "umph!—that alters the case. It is worth while to make an effort to go, and I see as plain as you do, that it would be far better for the whole party than for you and me to go alone, or with Stephen."—"Then will you try to persuade my cousin to get Jane to go. She piques herself on her obedience, you know, and if he told her he wished her to go she would."—"Yes, if Ethel Harding were not here, but she might set her up. I wish to goodness she was out of the way. I know Stephen cannot endure her, and would give any thing if she had left Wilbury Court for ever. His patience with her is wonderful."—"Indeed, Mamma, *his* patience puts *me* out of patience sometimes. If I had been in his place Jane should never have carried her point about having her here now. Poor Stephen! he is so generous and unselfish—so very indulgent—it is wonderful that Jane is insensible to it. And as for Ethel Harding, her ingratitude is shocking, after all the kindness she has received from Stephen. Why this house has been a home to her for years, and what sums he must have lavished on her in Cadeaux! What a favourite of his she used to be! Well I am glad he has found her out at last. I only wish there was any chance of Jane's growing more penetrating, and discarding this mischief-making, flattering hanger-on of hers."—"My dear Ally—don't be unjust. Dear Stephen is not perfect—he has his faults like the rest of us. He speaks hastily sometimes. He is rather passionate occasionally. And I will do Jane the justice to say, that she has most complete control over her temper. She is patience itself. No doubt there are faults on both sides. I used to think it was all her fault—but I have long since changed my mind on that point. It takes a long time to know people. Apropos of that. How strangely Sir Harry is acting! I fully expected he would write."—"I never did," said Miss Darrel, colouring angrily; "I told you all along that I was sure he meant nothing at all. Why he is always flirting with somebody or other."—"Ah it is very foolish of him," said Mrs. Darrel—"he is no chicken—and a man of his property ought to settle down in good time. A lady is sadly wanted at Lorton Hall. What a capital house it is! With a little alteration it might be made perfect. I should like to have the furnishing of that drawing-room. Don't you remember, Ally, when Sir Harry was talking of building a new conservatory, and you suggested throwing down those offices, and building the conservatory in their place, the day of the picnic, and he promised to attend to your suggestion? Ah, well, it is so difficult to see the end in these matters; but certainly, I thought—and I have had pretty good experience too—certainly I felt sure he would prepare very shortly." "I never thought any such thing!" said Miss Darrel hurriedly, "what's the good of talking about it now, Mamma? Sir Harry is a man devoid of feeling, a most selfish person, and a dreadful coxcomb! Do talk of something more agreeable!"—"Well, my dear, there are very few young ladies who have not found Sir Harry only *too* agreeable. It is well for you, that you are more hard-hearted. I must confess Sir Harry was always a favourite of mine, and I am not convinced yet, that you are not misjudging him, and that you will not repent of your hasty condemnation

one day. However, perhaps you are right; and at all events, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I wonder what Mr. Trevelyan's rent-roll is. The estate is large, but I should fancy a good deal of the land must be very unproductive. And, then, Cornwall is such an out-of-the-way place; it is like being buried alive to settle down there."—"Oh, the railroad will make a great difference before long in the west of England," Miss Darrel replied. "Besides I have seen society enough. I should have no objection to a little quiet, and Cornwall is not absolutely a desert. There are plenty of good old families there."—"Well, my dear, please yourself and you will please me. But, certainly, to my mind, there is *some* difference between a man of the very highest *monde*, so well known in town and at Paris; the intimate friend of the Duke of A——, and of the Marquis of B——, a man so brilliant, so distingué, so recherché, there is certainly some difference between such a person and a mere country squire, never heard of out of Cornwall." Miss Darrel's flushed cheek showed that she was very angry and annoyed, and she would probably have burst forth with an indignant rejoinder; but that her attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of Mrs. Raymond and Ethel, who were approaching the house through the grounds. "Why only look!" Miss Darrel cried, "Jane and Ethel Harding have not been to church again. I don't believe they have been once this week. What a shame! and such professions as they make of requiring the daily service!"—"They go before breakfast every day," said Mrs. Darrel; "besides how do you know they have not been? We've been talking a long time."—"Don't you see they must have come across the bridge by the lower pond?" replied the daughter; "they've been walking in the wood no doubt. If they were coming from the village, they'd have passed through the lodge gate, and would now have been on the drive instead of on that path."—"Oh! I dare say," Miss Darrel continued, "they have been talking secrets in the wood ever since luncheon. That was what they wanted Stephen to drive us for; that they might stay at home together. I wondered what made Jane so anxious for Stephen to try the new horse; she hardly ever seems to notice where he goes, or what he does."—"I think she keeps up appearances very well if she is not really fond of him," said the mother; "she always appears to study his wishes. I think they have been much happier together of late years, than they were when I first knew Jane. She is very much improved in temper and common sense. If it had not been for that odious Jesuitical Mr. Temple, they would have been a happy couple by this time."—"Well, I have no patience with Jane's weakness," said Miss Darrel. "I think a wife ought to have such entire confidence in her husband, such unbounded affection for him, that she ought to want no other guide or friend. It is such a deep and sacred tie, that I think it is quite wicked of one married person to do any thing to injure the peace of the other. As to a wife taking up religious opinions at utter variance with those of her husband, I think it is horrible. What business have women meddling with controversy, and politics, and all that sort of thing? I suppose Mr. Temple flattered Jane and got an influence over her, and that destroyed Stephen's peace, and made him take an aversion to Mr. Temple."—"Ah! poor dear Stephen, he has met with ingratitude enough," sighed Mrs. Darrel. "So liberal and kind as he has been to Mr. Temple, giving him land for the schools and alms-houses, and helping him to build them. And he used to supply the vicarage with fish, and game, and fruit, and would always support Mr. Temple through thick and thin in parish matters. A fine return Mr. Temple has made, to destroy the domestic peace of his friend, and to make poor Jane wretched by unsettling her faith in her own pure Protestant church! I can't think of that man with patience! Those Puseyites are regular Jesuits. I can't say I agree with the Evangelicals in every thing. Their views are too gloomy and narrow. They forbid every innocent amusement, and would give us Exeter Hall for the Opera, and prayer meetings for Almacks. They certainly are wrong there. There's something about dancing in the Psalms, and I never will believe our Creator would have given voices and musical genius to the great singers and composers, if it was wrong to make use of their talents. And in that point I think the Evangelicals are quite fanatical. But, in other things, I have a great respect for them, and above all for their uncompromising hostility to these dangerous insidious Puseyites. All I have seen of Mr. Temple and his curates has convinced me that they are a most insincere set, much worse than downright Roman Catholics, and I don't think Georgina's idol, Mr. C—— of Cheltenham, was a bit too severe when he said in public, that he should be afraid to trust the man who wrote Tract 90 with his purse." This charitable and enlightened discourse wasted "its sweetness on the desert air," for Miss Darrel never thought of listening to her mother's long speeches though she had the politeness to await their termination in silence, and give some token of assent by way of reply. During this last harangue, the younger lady's thoughts had travelled far, and a painful and weary pilgrimage they had made; rapid as was their flight!

Not from any love of satire do we reveal the melancholy picture of the interior life of one who had been but too faithful a servant of the God of this world; (though, alas! she would have repelled the charge indignantly, because mammon was not worshipped *alone*). Not from any delight in exposing the faults of others are we about to lay bare the recesses of a worldly heart; but simply to show, that those who are loudest against aceticism, and who mourn over imaginary victims confined by superstition within the walls of a cloister, are not themselves always so much happier than those they waste their pity upon; even supposing that their hypothesis were true, and that nuns really did endure all the miseries that an Exeter Hall fancy could supply. During Mrs. Darrel's long speech, Mrs. Raymond and Ethel had approached the windows, (which opened upon a walk skirting the flower garden); but, instead of entering, they turned their heads with a smile of recognition towards the two ladies within, and continued to walk up and

down outside, engaged in conversation. Mrs. Raymond and Ethel, though unlike in features, had at times the same sort of expression—a bright, sweet, open, confiding look, which, while it lasted, made Ethel pretty, and Mrs. Raymond beautiful. It was a mild Devonshire day, with no frost to make faces red and blue, and the air and exercise had bestowed a beautiful bloom on the two pedestrians. As they turned their heads and smiled, as much as to say, "We are not coming in yet," Miss Darrel, who was always alive to the *looks* of those about her, was struck with the sudden gleam of beauty in the two friends, and instinctively glanced at herself in the glass over the chimney piece, near which she was standing, to compare notes. What she saw there was quite a shock to her. She had been exceedingly pretty in youth, and had preserved a girlish appearance a long time. But she was now in her one-and-thirtieth year, and late hours, and crowded rooms, had ruined her complexion. Besides this, disappointment, anxiety, and a constant effort to conceal from herself, as well as from others, that youth was flying, and her chances of making a good marriage lessening daily, had prematurely sharpened her features, and imprinted more lines on her face than time alone would have marked there. In spite of her disclaimer of ever having given Sir Harry's attentions a serious thought, the fact was, that she had passed many sleepless nights and anxious days, in conjectures as to his intentions, and the chances of his following her down to Devonshire. It was true that she had all along suspected that he was trifling with her, as he had done with many others; but still, her hopes at one time had been high, and it had cost her a bitter pang to relinquish all idea of being one day the mistress of Lorton Hall, and the wife of a man universally styled "most fascinating." Just as Miss Darrel's penchant for Sir Harry had nearly died of starvation, she met at Wilbury with two new admirers, who kept her in a constant state of anxiety and excitement. All this had neutralized the effect of country air, and at this moment she looked more faded and withered than she had ever done before, even at the end of a London or Paris season. The contrast between her own haggered cheek and contracted brow, and the brilliant colour and cheerful expression which had just struck her in the two pedestrians in the garden, touched her to the very quick. It revealed to her so suddenly the painful truth that she was actually going down hill in double quick time. When she had that morning repelled the accusation of being thirty years of age, she had no intention of telling a falsehood. She had enjoyed a good share of admiration up to the present time, for she was accomplished as well as pretty. She had also a natural buoyancy of spirits and a happy facility of shutting her eyes to disagreeable truths, which had prevented her from perceiving very clearly that she was getting older every year. She had tried to forget her birth-days, and not being forced to remember them by any very strong reminder; they had glided by unheeded, and Miss Darrel was hardly aware that her nine-and-twentieth year was completed. A sudden consciousness of this fact seemed to strike upon her mind as she gazed upon her reflection in the glass, and asked herself if it was surprising that Sir Harry should forsake such a faded face. She compared it again and again with the radiant countenances which had made such an impression on her, and though she was not malicious enough to *envy* Mrs. Raymond and Ethel, (for with all her worldliness Miss Darrel was generous and kind-hearted), yet she certainly coveted the bloom she admired in bitterness of spirit. "Ah, if I could be what I was at *her* age!" Miss Darrel sighed to herself as she watched Ethel pass the window; "if I could be what she is now, if it were only for one month!" Then she looked at Mrs. Raymond, and called to mind all she had seen and heard of her domestic troubles, and reminded herself, that certainly it was neither youth nor freedom from care that gave her so serene a brow and so blooming a cheek. "Why should I grow into a piece of wrinkled parchment so much sooner than she does?" Miss Darrel asked herself pettishly in vain. At last she solved the problem by deciding, that Mrs. Raymond (if not absolutely cold and insensible) was wrapped up in controversy, politics, literature, building, gardening, and managing the parish, and utterly devoid of feminine sensibility and womanly weaknesses, and that this saved her the wear and tear of feeling which fell to the lot of more tender-hearted women. This brought the graceful and faithless Sir Harry to her mind; and in fancy she went through scene after scene, in which he had played the principal part. Sigh followed sigh, and tears gathered in her eyes, till at last she said to herself, "This will never do. I must conquer this folly;" and by a strong effort she dismissed Sir Harry from her mind, and turned her thoughts to Mr. Trevelyan. Every word he had said was called up, and their meaning scanned, and castles in the air built as to what he would go on to say next week. But in the middle of this day-dream came the blighting thought, "What if he too should be fickle?" And then she turned to the other gentleman, an officer in a regiment quartered in the same town that Colonel Harding had been stationed at in Ethel's childhood. She reflected that he was much more suited to her tastes and habits than Mr. Trevelyan—much more a man of the world, with good address, plenty of conversation, and a scientific knowledge of the mysteries of dress and the Polka. But, then, was he not a mere butterfly, amusing himself only? Ah! his being more in Sir Harry's style than the Cornish gentleman was anything but a recommendation! Mr. Trevelyan was much more to be depended on. And then his broad lands and manor-house in present possession, whilst the officer, though a Baronet's heir, had only his pay and an allowance which perhaps his father would not increase. Besides, Mr. Trevelyan was so open and simple-minded, so warm-hearted and well-meaning, yes, certainly he was more deserving of confidence and respect than his rival. Miss Darrel's heart was very like Mahomet's coffin poised between two loadstones. It only required the removal of one to attach it to the other. Should the reader feel inclined to accuse us of drawing a coarse and exaggerated picture, or pronounce

Miss Darrel singularly devoid of feeling and delicacy, let him pause and reflect on the modern system of female education, and the maxims of society in our days, and he will hardly be able to deny that what we have delineated is no uncommon character, and, in fact, the natural result of the utilitarian, sceptical spirit of modern times, which cuts at the root of all that is noble, high, and pure, ridiculing deep affections, sneering at lofty aspirations, and disbelieving in the very existence of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. What a contrast does this grovelling and debasing spirit offer to the heroic and ennobling tone of the middle ages! Alas! for the times and manners which produced a Godfrey, a Bayard, a St. Louis, a St. Bernard, a Blanche of Castille, a St. Elizabeth of Hungary! Alas for the Ages of Faith! But to return to our own prosaic times. Miss Darrel perceiving that her mother was sleepy, left her to doze in the luxurious fauteuil in which she was ensconced, and seating herself in another lounging chair, arranged in her own mind what dresses she would wear at Hungerford Castle; and then giving the reins to her fancy, she began castle building, which employment drove away her fit of low spirits, and occupied her till the loud peal of the turret-bell, which rang an hour before dinner, roused her from her day-dreams, and her mother from her slumbers, and warned both that it was time for them to think of dressing for dinner. How strange seems the infatuation which could lead them to consider time thus wasted harmlessly spent, whilst a few days before, after one of the Misses Hungerford had described the rule of a Teresian convent she had lately visited, both mother and daughter had declaimed vehemently against the *useless* life these nuns led, cut off from active benevolence by their vow of inclosure, and spending all their time in benefiting themselves alone! Alas, poor human nature! Self-love has power to blind us till we imagine black is white and white is black. Can we reflect on this without trembling for ourselves, and saying, "Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Oh, cleanse Thou me from my secret faults!"—*(19 Ps. Prot. ver.)*

(To be continued.)

THE TRACTARIANS.

Only imagine such men as are now conspicuous on the side of tractarianism—men of vigorous and chastened imagination; men of fine sensibility; men whose minds are disposed to range over the most extended fields of ecclesiastical literature and learning, whose habits dispose them to indulge in close, if not in abstract, reasoning; who look with a feeling of exquisite interest to the changes which in past times have effected the long course of ecclesiastical forms, and the ever-changing shades of theological opinion; who delight to trace out the thread-work which, from remote ages, has been tending to render the present age what it is—only imagine such men bending their scrutiny on evangelical religion, as presented in the case of large numbers of evangelical professors, scanning its crude, narrow, and ill-adjusted theology; its severance from the semblance of acute and powerful argumentation; its destitution of nearly all the elements of historical association, and of anything resembling that poetic grandeur, or beauty, or appropriateness with which such men are disposed to clothe the objects of their thoughts and sympathies; imagine all this, and what can be anticipated as the result? Assuredly very much that which has followed.—*British Quarterly Review.*

SOMNAMBULISM.

A rather singular occurrence took place early on the morning of Thursday last, owing to the power of sleep, to a respectable cowkeeper living in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield. The servant boy got up between four and five o'clock, with a view of going to milk. On going into the kitchen, he was much surprised in not finding the milk cans; the lad then went to the stable, to see if the pony was there, but it was also missing; he then proceeded to the field, some distance from home, when he was agreeably surprised at finding his master in the act of driving all his cows into a corner, as he supposed, for the purpose of milking; the pony standing at a distance, with the cans and other missing articles on its back. On approaching his master, the lad thought he looked "very queer," which terrified him so much that he was afraid to go near; but having at length got the better of his fears, he seized his master by the arm, and so awoke him from his sleep, for in that state he had been busying himself, as before stated. The same individual some years ago, when in the service of a gentleman, got up in his sleep, harnessed the horse, and put it to the carriage, and drove it to the front door, before he awoke.—*Sheffield Iris.*

EDWIN, KING OF NORTHUMBRIA.

Attended by Paulinus, he entered the great council, requested the advice of his faithful Witan, and exposed to them the reasons which induced him to prefer Christianity to the worship of paganism. Coiffi, the high priest of Northumbria, was the first to reply. It might have been expected, that prejudice and interest would have armed him with arguments against the adoption of a foreign creed; but his attachment to paganism had been weakened by repeated disappointments, and he had learnt to despise the gods who had neglected to reward his services. That the religion which he had hitherto taught was useless, he attempted to prove from his own misfortunes; and avowed his resolution to listen to the reasons, and examine the doctrine of Paulinus. He was followed by an aged thane, whose discourse offers an interesting picture of the simplicity of the age. "When," said he, "O king, you and your ministers are seated at table in the depth of winter, and the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth in the middle of the hall, a sparrow perhaps, chased by the wind and snow, enters at one door of the apartment, and escapes by the other. During the moment of its passage, it enjoys the warmth; when it is once departed, it is seen no more. Such is the nature of man. During a few years his existence is visible: but what has preceded, or what will follow it, is concealed from the view of mortals. If the new religion offer any information on subjects so mysterious and important, it must be worthy of our attention. To these reasons the other members assented. Paulinus was desired to explain the principal articles of the Christian faith; and the king expressed his determination to embrace the doctrine of the missionary. When it was asked, who would dare to profane the altars of Woden, Coiffi accepted the dangerous office. Laying aside the emblems of the priestly dignity, he assumed the dress of a warrior: and despising the prohibitions of Saxon superstition, mounted the favourite charger of Edwin. By those who were ignorant of his motives, his conduct was attributed to temporary insanity. But disregarding their clamours, he proceeded to the nearest temple, and bidding defiance to the gods of his fathers, hurled his spear into the sacred edifice. It stuck in the opposite wall; and, to the surprise of the trembling spectators, the heavens were silent, and the sacrilege was unpunished. Insensibly they recovered their fears, and, encouraged by the exhortations of Coiffi, burnt to the ground the temple and the surrounding groves.—*Dr. Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

ST. SWITHIN.

THE continuance of rainy weather commonly experienced about the middle of July, has given rise, it is supposed, to the popular tradition respecting St. Swithin, whose anniversary day is on the 15th of the month. We have elsewhere noticed the thunder-storm which ushered in St. Swithin here, on Monday morning; and have since had the curiosity to make some inquiries as to the quantity of rain which has fallen in Manchester during the month of July, for the last fourteen years; and we find the following to be the quantities:—

July.	*Inches.*	*July.*	*Inches.*
1830	3-2	1837	3-48
1831	3-50	1838	3-46
1832	2-47	1839	4-63
1833	2-27	1840	5-78
1834	6-71	1841	5-54
1835	1-94	1842	3-40
1836	3-40	1843	5-17

This gives an average fall of rain during July, of nearly four inches. In 1842, we find that 2-09 inches fell in the first half of July, and only 1-31 inch in the latter half,—which is the one appropriated to St. Swithin's rainy influence. In 1843, on the contrary, 1-66 inch fell in the first, and 3-15 inches in the last half of the month.—In the present month (1844), the fall of rain in the first half, including the showers on Monday morning (0-29 inch), measures 1-51 inch.

But we next come to the state of the weather on St. Swithin's day (July 15th) on the last nine anniversaries of the watery saint. In 1836 (Friday) the day was wet, and the fall of rain during the week was 1-20 inch.—In 1837 (Saturday) it was a rainy day; fall during the week, 1-25.—In 1838 (Sunday) it was a fair morning, but a rainy afternoon; and the fall during the week was only 0-54 inch.—In 1839 (Monday) the day was showery; but the rain during the week only 0-75 inch.—1840 (Wednesday) it was very fine all day, but rain fell at night; and in the week beginning on the following day, two inches of rain fell.—In 1841 (Thursday) it was gloomy in the morning, showery at noon, and fine in the afternoon; only 6-100ths of an inch of rain fell during the day, and 1-17th inch during the week. In 1842 (Friday) it was fine all day; not a drop of rain fell, and the quantity during the week was only 0-10 inch. In 1843 (Saturday) it was cloudy, and a little rain (2-100ths of an inch) fell the early part of the day; but the remainder of the day was fine, and the week's quantity was 0-27. In 1844 (Monday last) there was a heavy thunder shower in the morning, which cleared the air, and the weather was beautifully fine the remainder of the day. The fall during two hours, however, exceeded the week's quantity of last year; being 0-29 inch. The above, though ranging through only a limited number of years, will serve to show that St. Swithin's day is not always so wet as is generally supposed; and all that can be predicated with any degree of certainty is, that, from causes familiar to meteorologists, July is usually a very rainy month, as well as upon an average the hottest month of the year; and it is worthy of note, that the increase of the mean temperature is derived chiefly from the night.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE IRISHERS.

AMONG the strangers so much disliked by the "Native Americans," the Irish stand foremost; probably on account of their honesty and perseverance. The term of "Irisher" is become the expression of bitter hatred in every western district enjoying a certain degree of prosperity. Yet, for the most part, these districts have been at first settled by Irish emigrants. On the shores of the Macocoti, in Ioway, I once knew a beautiful little settlement, formed by thirty or forty Connaught families. They went thither when not one American had yet dared to trust his precious self in the territory. The settlement became wealthy. It exported wool, corn, lead, and timber. As it increased in prosperity, a crowd of Americans came to try their luck in the little colony. A few years passed, and, all at once, the "Native American Society" preached a "*levée en masse*" against the "beggarly lazy Irishers." To work went the honest and patriotic natives: they succeeded: they stole, they slaughtered the cattle and horses of the settlers; they murdered them when they could do it without danger to themselves; until at last the colonists, wearied and disgusted, yielded to oppression, and retired a few hundred miles further to the north. They had inhabited Ioway fifteen years; the native Americans only two years. So much again for liberty and equality! I repeat it, that the Irish had better remain at home, where, even in their misery, they have some occasional glimpses of happiness.—*Jonathan Sharp.*

HORRORS OF A GAMBLER'S LIFE.

WITH the immediate urgency of distress, any thoughts of prudence or retrenchment which may have crossed his mind vanished, and along with the command of new resources came new wants and still more extravagant prodigality. His passion for gaming was now indulged without restraint, and almost without the interruption of a day. For a time his fortune rallied, and sums, whose amount would startle credulity, flowed into his hands, only to be lost and squandered again in dissipation and extravagance, which grew but the wilder and more reckless, in proportion as the sources which supplied them were temporarily increased. At length, after some coquetting, the giddy goddess again deserted him. Night after night brought new and heavier disasters; and with this reverse of fortune came its invariable accompaniment—a wilder and more daring recklessness, and a more unmeasured prodigality in hazarding larger and larger sums; as if the victims of ill luck sought, by this frantic defiance, to bully and browbeat their capricious persecutor into subjection. There was scarcely an available security of any kind which he had not already turned into money, and now he began to feel, in downright earnest, the iron gripe of ruin closing upon him. He was changed—in spirit and in aspect changed. The unwearied fire of a secret fever preyed upon his heart and brain; and untold horror robbed him of his rest, and haunted him night and day.—*The Cock and Anchor.*

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

OH, unseen haunter of the greenwood bowers,
Thy voice is like the last voice of the spring.
Breathing of love fulfill'd, and blossoming,
Of fragrance and blue skies, and vanish'd showers.
Thou chauntest over the sweet births of flowers,
Like nurse or patient mother, who doth sing
O'er cradled child her song unwearying,
Ever the sweetest thro' the evening hours.
Oh! solitary bird, albeit not sad,
Thy voice is less allied to joy than sorrow;
Less prophet than remembrancer, thy scope
Embraceth yesterday but ne'er to-morrow:
Yet tho' pale Memory be seldom glad,
A truer fonder friend is she than Hope.

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